

Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

Vol. V.

OCTOBER, 1901

No. 10



Chief Man-on-the-Cloud

510 * Tremont * Temple
Boston

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HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People." All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

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HINTS AND HELPS

Subject: "Arrows from Indian Quivers"

Devotional exercises, consisting of hymns, the reading of Matt. 28:16-20, and Psalm 67, and earnest prayers.

The following program has been arranged with a view to employing a number of persons with brief comments upon the subjects named. Much of its success, however, depends upon the racy style in which the leader, by running comment, binds all the arrows into one quiver.

The American Indian.

Origin.
Number, supposed — real.
Tribes. Traits.
Mental powers.
Language: Illustrate by words like Winnepesaukee, Minnehaha, Dakota, etc.
Cherokee alphabet.
Music: Illustrate by solos of Indian music.
Mode of life.
Woman.

Religion.

Treatment of white settlers by the Indians.

Treatment of Indians by whites.

General.

Indian Territory.

Words of General Crook, Red Cloud, and Cherokees quoted by Bishop Whipple.

Present treatment.

Educational. Political. Religious.

Reading. An Indian's Appeal.

Hymn. "Speed Away."

Words appropriate for closing have been set to this Indian song, and will be found in various hymnals.

Reference has been made to the ECHOES, the leaflets, "The Indians," "Indian Characteristics," etc., "A Century of Dishonor," by H. H., and an article on Indian music in the *Century Magazine* of January, 1894, in which solos suitable for reproduction may be found.

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever." — *Tennyson*.

Vol. V.

OCTOBER, 1901

No. 10

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial

IN the early morning hours of September 14th, the mournful tolling of bells informed us of the death of President McKinley. A few hours later the flags at half mast and the sad faces upon the street told what sorrow filled the hearts of all. We can only repeat the last words of the great and good man, our chief, "It is God's way. His will, not ours, be done." Three times within thirty-seven years have we, as a nation, passed through this terrible experience. Some of us remember the days following the assassination of Lincoln and Garfield, and we are now living them over again. Our hearts go out in loving sympathy to the invalid wife. May the women of New England carry Mrs. McKinley upon their hearts during these sad, sad days, making the Comforter to abide with her.

We hope our sisters are not forgetting what an opportunity they now have to exert a powerful influence in our National Congress, by pushing the petitions which have been sent to the churches. By energetic action they can secure the signatures of voters asking Congress to submit to the various State legislatures an amendment to the National Constitution, forbidding polygamy in the United States under severe penalties.

Women do *not* sign the petitions, but they can bring them to the attention of the men. By voice and pen let each voter in your immediate vicinity have the privilege of signing these petitions. Each voter must sign three petitions, one to each senator, and one to the representative of his Congressional district.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK FORBY reached Wood Island August 25th. The boxes from Cambridge, sent in May, and the printing press from Washington arrived at the same time.

ON account of the condition of our treasury at the beginning of the year, our Board did not feel like assuming any greater responsibilities for the coming year, and with much reluctance we said *no* to various appeals for help that were presented for our consideration. In spite of this fact, our financial record for the first five months of our year is somewhat alarming, as the receipts are about \$600 less than for the corresponding months in 1900. In order that our teachers might not be deprived of their salaries for May, and thus the pleasure of their vacation lessened, it was necessary to borrow over \$2,000 to meet these bills. We have also borrowed \$500 to meet the summer's needs in Alaska, and this shows the necessity of every Sunday school becoming an annual contributor to this work.

These facts do not discourage us, for we feel sure that the women in our churches would not advise our doing less work each year, and will deplore the necessity of paying interest on borrowed money. We give you these facts and ask that they receive your prayerful consideration. Look at the fields waiting for laborers, let us put ourselves in the place of those who have a right to look to us for help, and honestly ask ourselves what is *our part* in this great work.

Encouragement

TWAS long ago I read the story sweet —
Of how the German mothers, o'er the sea,
Wind in, throughout the yarn their girls knit,
Some trinkets small and tiny shining coins,
That when the little fingers weary grow,
And fain would lay aside the tiresome task,
From out the ball will drop the hidden gift,
To please and urge them on in search of more.

And so, I think, the Father kind above
Winds in and out the skein of life we weave,
Through all the years, bright tokens of His love,
That when we weary grow and long for rest
They help to cheer and urge us on for more;
And far adown within the ball we find,
When all the threads of life at last are spun,
The grandest gift of all — eternal life.

— N. D. K.

Improvement of Blanket Indians

LOOKING back over the work of fourteen years, one can see many changes among the "blanket Indians." Many who were brought to Christ, have put on the white robes and are with their Saviour, whom they learned to love while they lived in tepees and grass houses on the earth. I call to mind one of my schoolgirls nine years old. She was a delicate little thing, took very sick, and when the end came, she said, "I am not afraid. I am going to Jesus; He loves little girls, and I love Him." A deacon of the Wichita Church, who had a homely face, but was made beautiful by the indwelling spirit, when at the point of death said, "Jesus is calling me, I am going to Him. I love Him. I am not afraid of death. Jesus paid my debt." Others could be named, both Wichitas and Kiowas, who have "died in the Lord." I have often thought of the great transition for a poor blanket Indian, who has had so little of the comforts of life, to wake up in God's beautiful home for the redeemed.

Mrs. So-di-ar-ko and other Wichita Christians attended our Kiowa Camp Meeting, held at Rainy Mountain Mission. "Mother So-di-ar-ko," as we call her, made a stirring talk. She has been following Jesus almost a quarter of a century. She said she was so glad the Kiowas had found the "Jesus road." They must let their lights shine, and their lives witness for Him. God had remembered His children of the prairies, and had sent them the light of His word, and they must follow its teachings. And when our work is done. He will bring us home to live with Him, and our children.

Begin The beginning of the work among the Kiowas, nine years ago, by Mr. Hicks and Misses Ballew and Reeside, is familiar to many. Tent meetings were held at the camps on the banks of the Washita at Anadarko, while the Indians were waiting for their grass-money. After a very plain exposition of the Word, the Indians were asked if they felt themselves sinners in God's sight; and if they wished to leave the old Indian road, and find forgiveness and salvation by coming to Christ, to rise to their feet. An awful sense of condemnation was evident: faces blanched, everything solemn as death in its stillness, we could almost hear our neighbor's heart-beats. The Indians were thinking—*deciding*. A woman arose, before long some one else, then another, and another, and still others, until every person in

the tent was on his feet. I have never seen anything like it, and if I should live to be as old as Methuselah, that would be an oasis in my memory of God's power in Indian missions. Go-te-bo and wife, Mrs. Big Tree, Mrs. Wind, Mrs. Sane-co, and others were baptized. This was a happy day for people and missionaries. Others, uniting with the church several years later, dated their conversion to this meeting. Shortly after, the Rainy Mountain Church was organized, and in November, 1894, the Elk Creek Church, Mr. Hicks preaching alternately at both places until Brother Clouse came to Rainy Mountain.

There has been improvement along all lines. Blankets, feathers, and paint are becoming things of the past. Civilized clothes, mainly, are worn by the men and children, the women continuing to wear their own make of dress.

When we commenced work here, there were only two houses on Elk Creek. Now, every family has a neat little home and lives in it. Government has helped them to build, but they paint their own houses. Komalty has repainted his dwelling, and Bopaw was painting his today. *1901 Mrs. J. W. Hicks*

The Kiowa Annual Camp Meeting was held, Aug. 8-12th, with the church at Rainy Mountain. Eight followed Christ in baptism. There was a large attendance through the four meetings each day. A most excellent spirit prevailed the whole time, and all were happy.

The Woman's Missionary Society is a great help to our work at Elk Creek. Last year I did not have the necessary materials to work with, and so we did not do as much

as usual. Kind friends, your Indian sisters like to sew and work for Jesus—they do it cheerfully and heartily, and if you will remember us with quilt pieces, and calico to set together (do not baste the pieces together—only match and tack together so they will not get mixed) and line the quilts, thread, needles, and tacking cotton, pins, and big thimbles, it will greatly encourage and help us, I assure you. Hobart, Kiowa County, Oklahoma Territory, is our post-office address, freight address, and also express.

MRS. G. W. HICKS.

IF against us there come any trial, any suffering, any sorrow, any threatening evil, in this let us find hope and strength: God *could* have delivered us from it; that He has not so delivered us is the very pledge and assurance that He will make us more than conquerors over it.—*Mark Guy Pearce.*



INDIAN MOTHER AND CHILD

Life Among Oklahoma Indians



THE home life among the Indians of Oklahoma differs largely from the old life, when the buffalo roamed at will over the prairie, and all the land belonged to the red men. Instead of the Indian villages so common in those days, each Indian has his allotment of 160 acres of land, and the government farmers (men who are sent out by the government to teach them to cultivate their lands) endeavor to keep them on their own quarter section, thus tending to break up the village life which has been such a source of pleasure to them.

The old custom of living in bands is not easily broken, and many a time the farmer has to go and "scatter them," when he learns of several families camping on one allotment. The Indian villages are common, however, at times of necessity, — at the issue station, when they draw their beef and other rations, every two weeks in warm weather, and sometimes once a month in the cool days of winter, at the agency where they receive their amity money, and near the schools during the Christmas vacation, when they stay near that they may have their children with them for a few days. These villages rise up in an hour or two and present a picture of primitive life, which, however, is not without its charms. To a casual observer there would be little of interest in one of these large camps. He would see poles sticking out at the top of teepees, whose once white canvas is now blackened by smoke, and near them the wagons, which are covered with white cloth, much like the prairie schooners of the pioneer.

For a student eye there is real study, and for the artist there are pictures which rise up here and there to grace his canvas with a recollection of a people of the past, who were free, happy, and content to wander. Look down on a camp from a hillside; sit down and study its outline against the small brown trees of autumn. It is morning, the sun shines warm into each entrance; for each teepee faces the east, where the rising sun may greet the late sleepers with its first faint rays, and make their faces to shine with its warmth and cheer. Many of the teepees are decorated with small patches of beads worked in a circle, and from the centre hangs a bunch of hair, in imitation of the scalp lock, with which in old times they were decorated, thus telling at a glance the number its occupant had killed in battle. The women are serving the morning meal, consisting of bread, beef, and coffee. An old man, who has seen the winds of many an autumn, is passing slowly along, shouting out the news of the day. There is to be a feast given in the afternoon, and a war dance, in memory only of the old days. All listen as the crier passes by, to hear the news and be ready for action. They are waiting here in camp for the Christmas vacation, and, as usual, there is feasting, dancing, and gambling. At quite a little distance can be seen the school buildings and grounds. All these belong to the government, for in the Cheyenne country there are few mission schools, and, no doubt, the time is near at hand when these few will be abandoned.

The blanket Indians are not advanced enough for dis-

trict schools. At the age of five, the children must leave their mothers and spend ten months out of the year in the school. During the ten months the child sees its mother only when that mother can come to the school, or if some dear one at home is sick sometimes they are allowed to have the child in camp, so the children are all eager at the Christmas time to see their parents, and to have again, for a short season, the pleasures of camp life. Some schools allow them to spend their days in camp, returning at night to their warm comfortable beds, and arising in the morning to eat a well-cooked breakfast under the ever watchful care of their teachers. But when days and nights are both to be spent in camp, there is a sparkle of delight in the black eyes, and a sense of abandonment to enjoy the old-time home life, when the bells are all silent in the morning and the evenings are long, and the old people tell thrilling tales around the tepee fires.

Such was the Christmas vacation witnessed by the writer, when, as guests of one of the chiefs, my companion and I remained in camp about ten days. The camp was situated in a grove of small oaks. The days were sunny and beautiful, the nights cool and perfect, and the clear, silvery light of the moon revealed moving shadows, as young men passed by the tepee wrapped in blankets, only one eye peeping out, keeping on the alert to see the girl he loved best. Sometimes he hid behind her tepee and sang a love song; then if she stepped outside she was folded in his blanket, and only the moonbeams smiled as they passed along. Little boys from the school borrowed their mothers' shawls, and went out in the evenings to catch girls, as they called it, imitating the courtship of the young men.

All through the long evenings we could hear them barking like dogs, cawing like crows, or laughing like the coyote as they called to each other from the shadow of some oak.

Marriages are not made by the chiefs, as some have thought, but according to Uncle Sam's law, yet there are some of the old customs left of giving and receiving presents, and sometimes a young man fails to receive the one he loves, because he cannot offer ponies enough; often in this case a runaway match is the result.

Away, some distance from the camp, when night brought a stillness upon the scene, several young men built a fire in a secluded spot, sat about it in a circle with a silence and awe; they were to have a mescal feast. A small drum was made by stretching a skin over a bowl or large cup, and one with a stick kept this beating all night. When he became tired another took his turn in such a way that not a beat was lost. At midnight the mescal was passed, and water to drink. Each in his turn took the bean, which is no other than the dry bud of a cactus plant which grows in Mexico, and, after praying to it, ate it. The drum kept up its beating, and a darkness worse than night filled the hearts of those in the circle, for their senses were dulled, and strange dreams and fancies turned their minds from the truth of God to the lies of Satan.

On a similar occasion, one was persuaded to enter their circle whose heart had been just touched with God's love, and into whose mind God's truth had penetrated. Little

did he know of its sin until now. Above the beating of the drums he heard a voice in prayer, saying to the mescal, "Our Father." At once his heart rebelled against it. A dry bud, what could that possibly do to save a soul? a dry, lifeless thing. Was not God our Father? Had He not made all things? There were the missionaries with the Word of God, there were old men and women who had left medicine-making and other superstitions, and found blessed peace in the story of the Jesus road. Had he not heard their testimony under the arbor at the camp meeting? Had he not seen the joy in their faces as they told of answered prayers? Should he leave this God who had spoken to his heart and worship a lifeless thing? Thoughts like these filled his mind. Then there were friends there with whom he must part. But the truth of God is stronger than the powers of darkness, and he felt in his heart that he could leave all for Him who had blessed him as he listened to the truth. That night the circle was broken. The current which bound them together in their sinful feast was severed, and one arose in the strength of the Saviour, and said, "This not my Father. It is only the dry bud of a plant. It has no life; I will not pray to it. I will not eat it. I know there is no Saviour but Jesus, and I am sure that the Christian way is the only right way." Then taking his Bible from his pocket, he opened to Revelation and read, "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth." "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." When he had finished reading, he went out. Then was the finger of scorn lifted, and cursings were heaped upon him. But he went away alone, and yet not alone, for God was with him to give him comfort.

There are trials and temptations for the Christian converts, and many times their faith in God is proven by a test from which many would shrink.

When the school days come again there are many who hate to part with their children, for these mothers love them with a love which cannot be measured by human thought, and it is not easy to turn away from the school and live again for many weeks under the instruction of the white teachers. But with a bravery, which these people have always shown, they return to their allotments and set up their tepees again, unless they are among the few who

have homes which the government has helped them to build.

When the spring days come on, the men are very busy ploughing and planting their little patches of corn for their ponies and their gardens, under the direction of the farmer and the encouragement of the missionaries.

Some think it hardly possible that the Indians love their children, but to one who has lived among them, has seen them in joys or in sorrows, there is no room for surprise. A little one was taken suddenly ill and suffered severely for three or four days, then passed away. The grandparents came to the mission, a distance of five or six miles. In the wagon was the sorrowing mother with her child in her arms.

When the grave was ready, she kissed the little cold form and a kind missionary laid it in a trunk which was taken from the wagon, and the blankets and shawls

were hiding it from view. Then the mother came, and pushing them away, she clasped the child again in her arms and cried aloud. Presently she bent forward in silence, only a moment, and we knew she had fainted. The Indians told their friends that she died just as the baby did, but came to life again. Her husband was wasting away with consumption, but he was rejoicing in the hope of everlasting life, and



DRYING BEEF

during his days of sickness he kept a copy of the Psalms under his pillow, which brought to him words of comfort when he was able to read. The dread disease tightened its hold, and the Master came and claimed His own. A few weeks later, the missionary who gave comfort in sadness rejoiced to see that young mother buried with her Lord in baptism, and unite with a little band of Christians, who are struggling against sin and striving to walk in the straight and narrow way.

A. J.

GOD answers prayer; sometimes when hearts are weak He gives the very gifts believers seek. But often faith must learn a deeper rest, And trust God's silence when He does not speak; For He, whose name is Love, will send the best. Stars may burn out, nor mountain walls endure, But God is true. His promises are sure To those who seek.

Will Jesus Have Me?



MISSIONARY work among the wild Indians of the plains is sometimes not only slow, but very discouraging. It takes a long time for these ignorant, darkened minds to grasp the precious truths of the Gospel. But when the light does break, the light of a glad new morning, what an awakening there is, what a complete surrender of everything! An Indian convert will often put many so-called Christian ones to shame.

The Kiowa Indians are among the lowest and most degraded of the blanket Indians—until they have felt the all-pervading power of the Spirit. Then they are as new creatures. Several, after becoming Christians, have made permanent homes for their wives and children. Within these homes the Bible is read, prayers are held, and God is sincerely served.

Until within a few years very little had been done toward the conversion of these Indians and their neighbors, the Wichitas and Comanches. It is a strange, sweet, thrilling revelation to them when it comes, the knowledge that Jesus the Saviour has died—for them.

The Rev. J. J. Methvin, one of the most successful of the missionaries to these Indians, has the plan of holding camp meetings among them. Sometimes these meetings last for several days. He says it would touch the heart of the most skeptical to see some of the wonderful things that take place.

It is not hard to preach to them, at least not so if the preacher will be careful to use only the simplest and clearest of illustrations. They always listen with the closest attention. Even if they have come out of idle curiosity, they will pay respectful attention to the preacher. But the wonderful, beautiful story of the Cross, how that thrills and wins their hearts, when they can be made to understand it!

At one of the meetings a missionary was preaching upon this theme. His hearers were moved, then the very citadels of their hearts were reached and possessed. They swayed their bodies and wept.

One Indian gained his feet. He stood there trembling, doubtful, hesitant. What he had heard seemed almost too good to be true. Jesus, this great Saviour of the world, Jesus had died for him—for him, a poor Indian!

"Did he really do it?" he asked the missionary again. "Did he really die for me?"

"Yes, he died for you."

"Then what I give him for what he did for me? I give him my leggings and my feathers," preparing to take them off.

"He does not need the feathers nor the leggings," said the missionary: "Keep them, my friend."

The Indian was disappointed. His face fell. Then he said again:

"It is not enough? Well, then, I give him my blanket," raising his hand to unfasten it.

"He does not need your blanket either, friend."

The poor fellow was in despair. He could not understand why the gifts were refused, except that it was because they were not considered good enough.

"Then I give him my dog and my gun," he cried at length, his voice ringing out: "that all poor Indian got. Won't he have them?"

The missionary tried to explain why it was that even the dog and the gun were not needed, but the poor fellow could not understand, and so sat down weeping bitterly.

Suddenly he sprang again to his feet. He seemed almost overcome now by the emotion that swayed him. His face was like the face of one upon whom an unseen light had shined. His hands were stretched forth, and he cried:

"Then I give Jesus poor Indian himself! Will Jesus have me?"

"Indeed he will, my friend," responded the minister, his heart thrilled by the scene. "At last you have given him the gift he wants most, more than feathers or leggings or blanket or dog or gun—yourself."

"Oh, to think Jesus have me—me, poor Indian!"

It seemed too good to be true, but it was, and his face was shining with the joy of it all, his voice thrilling with happiness. — *Anna Maria Barnes.*

MISS BELLE CRAWFORD, a missionary of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society, in an article in *Tidings*, tells of the opening of Oklahoma Territory to the white man, and the danger threatening Saddle Mountain and Hobart. Our new missionary, Mrs. George Hicks, has done excellent work for Hobart, and Miss Crawford has for years led the Indians of Saddle Mountain to a knowledge of Christ.

A tract of land, including Saddle Mountain, has been reserved for a national park. Writing of this, Miss Crawford says: "I'm writing now to every one in power to see if we cannot have prohibition for that park. If whiskey is brought in our high hopes are blasted. A lot of our Indians got whiskey this payment. Peddlers brought it in. One young man got raging drunk, came into the camp one night, drew a knife on his wife and all in his way, and fled into the timber. Another, the son of a prominent Christian, is also ruined. Others have yielded to the temptation. Horrible! Horrible! Horrible! Two saloon men in Mountain View drew lucky land numbers, and have taken out licenses for Hobart (Elk Creek). None of our friends drew a thing."

Christian women, if this will not rouse us to action, what will? Did you notice the pleading of our Lord in Lucius Aitsan's statement and question, "They are selling our young men whiskey and we don't know what to do?" Do we know what to do? May we know what to do? Won't God tell us if we really want to know, with purpose of heart to do? Shall the rum demon destroy the work of God, and we stand by speechless and see the evil work go on?

"Shall tongues be mute when deeds are wrought

Which well might shame extremest hell?

Shall freemen lack the indignant thought?

Shall pity's bosom cease to swell?

Shall honor bleed? Shall Truth succumb?

Shall pen and press and soul be dumb?"

God forbid! Let each one pray, Lord what wouldst thou have me do? Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.



American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial Notes

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S last words will ever be remembered by the American people. His wonderful address upon Thursday, September 5th, was strong and helpful. As he stood in the Temple of Music upon the afternoon of Friday, September 6th, his happy face indicated his enjoyment of the privilege which he highly prized of meeting the people. He believed in the people, he loved and trusted them. As the great procession passed in review, the President stooped to speak to a little child, and with his strong face lit up with a tender smile, he grasped the hand of the assassin. As the fatal bullet pierced his body, a troubled look appeared upon the kindly face, and he said, "How could you?" Soon he uttered Christ's words, "May God forgive him." His unselfish character appeared, as, when wounded, he saw the crowds surging about the assassin, and said, "Let no one hurt that young man," and "I am sorry to have been the cause of trouble to the Exposition." As his frail wife has always been his first thought, he remembered her amid the pain and excitement: "Cortelyou—my wife, be careful about her; don't let her know." Before passing under the power of the opiates, just previous to the operation, his lips moved, and the attendants caught these words: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done." Upon the night preceding his death, when the grave faces of the physicians conveyed to him the truth that his life was ebbing away, he repeated those lines so dear to every Christian heart, "Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee." And the sublime faith of the man was shown in his farewell: "Good-by! Good-by all! It is God's way. His will, not ours, be done."

Take Heart

"TAKE heart, O weary, burdened one, bowed down
Beneath thy cross;
Remember that thy greatest gain may come
Through greatest loss.
Thy life is nobler for a sacrifice,
And more divine.
Acres of bloom are crushed to make a drop
Of perfume fine.
"Because of storms that lash the ocean waves,
The waters there
Keep purer than if the heavens o'erhead
Were always fair.
The brightest banner of the skies float not
At noonday warm;
The rainbow traileth after thunder-clouds,
And after storm."



HERE ought to be no resting place on American soil for an avowed Anarchist. For about two years one of the missionaries of the Society has labored in a community, many of whose leaders are Anarchists. He has acquired a strong influence over them, and believes that he is winning them from their evil ways and correcting serious misapprehensions under which they labor. There ought to be ten missionaries where we have one, among this foreign population so rapidly coming to our shores.

THE Navajo Indians, a numerous tribe in New Mexico and Arizona, have been sadly neglected in missionary work. They possess extensive flocks and herds, and are skilful in weaving artistic blankets that bring good prices. How long before we shall do something for them?

BAPTISTS were at the front in the opening of the Kiowa reservation. A Baptist church was organized at Lawton, and some sites for church edifices have already been secured. But it will require liberal expenditures to avail ourselves of the opportunity to establish our cause on a good basis there, as it must be done, if at all, quickly.

It is painful to report a decrease in contributions for the first five months of the year, when an increase is sorely needed.

Y. M. C. A. among the Indians

ABOUT 1881 a movement began among the Sioux Indians for the organization of Young Men's Christian Associations, the Sioux name of which is "Kas'ka Okodakiciye." In 1891 there were twenty of these associations in North and South Dakota and Nebraska. It is all country work, the members frequently being scattered over a region of thirty to sixty miles. There are no reading-rooms, but various social as well as religious features are introduced to make the meetings interesting.

Indian Territory

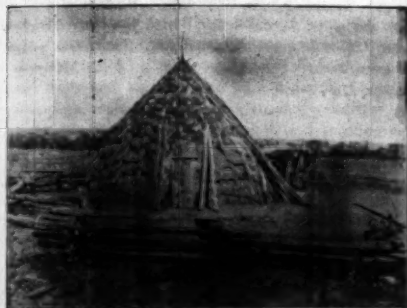
THE population of Indian Territory in 1890 was 186,182; in 1900, 391,060, an increase during ten years of 117.5 per cent. This includes Indians, whites, and negroes. In the Cherokee Nation there were 101,754; in the Chickasaw, 139,260; in the Choctaw, 99,681; in the Creek, 40,674; the remainder being distributed among several small reservations. The increase has been chiefly in the white population, which now constitutes about four-fifths of the entire number.

Home Mission Echoes

Anadarko, Oklahoma Territory



YOU have read of the opening of the Kiowa and Comanche and Wichita reservations to settlement. Though you may have read ever so much about it, you can form but a very inadequate idea of the real thing. Think of 200,000 people registering to take their chances on drawing 13,000 claims or quarter sections. A very large per-



GRASS HOUSE

centage of these 200,000 people have driven, or ridden, or walked over this bit of country of less than one hundred miles square, anxious to know more of what they vainly hope may sometime be a home for themselves and their families. At first the Indians looked on in utter amazement, as they counted from one to two hundred prairie schooners pass a given point in a day. But as this thing has continued for two months, it soon became an old story. The most of them regard the settlement of the country by whites as an infringement upon their rights, and are disposed to treat the matter with a bit of sullen resentment.

Just now the country is full of men who have drawn winning numbers, who are endeavoring to select the claims they want. The Indians have all taken their allotments, and so have now resigned themselves to the inevitable, and seem indifferent to what comes or goes. This excitement and unrest has seemed to add to the Indians' indifference to the white man's religion. The ghost dances have been unusually active the past two months. They gather every Sunday to dance (as they call it), to feast and carouse. The past two weeks delegations from other tribes have been visiting here. Many of our Indians, that they might not be wanting in hospitality, left their homes to feast and dance, gamble and race horses, and have a "good time" generally.

I will try to describe the so-called dance. At a given time some one commences to beat a sort of drum called a "tom-tom." A circle is formed of men and women, old and young, big and little. They join hands, and stand very close together. Now begins a sort of chant, in a sing-song tone, a meaningless sort of song, in which all join. They move from right to left, stepping sideways not more than three or four inches at a step. Meantime, many, es-

pecially of the women, sway their bodies backward and forward, often crying out at the top of their voices. Often some of these will fall to the ground in an absolutely rigid and apparently senseless condition, resembling what but old-fashioned Methodists and United Brethren used to call "the Power." These are allowed to lie as they fall, until after a time they gather themselves up, and go on as though nothing had happened. This ghost dance business is practised by nearly all Indians, but the Wichitas and Caddoes are very especially given to it. It is very difficult to gather a large number of them to hear preaching. We visit them at their homes, when we can find them there, talk with them of their souls' interest, urge them to attend our services, but they will seldom promise, and less often come. We have our regular appointments every Sunday, alternating between the Wichitas and Caddoes.

Nearly all the men in these two tribes wear citizens' clothes, but to be sure that no one shall take them for other than Indians, many of them wear a "breech cloth," — a piece of cotton cloth, two or three yards long, wrapped about their waists and hips, — also wear long hair, braided in two braids. Nearly all the Wichita women wear their Indian dress, — a calico skirt and three or four yards of cloth wrapped about their hips coming down to their knees, or a little below. Not long ago a man came to my wife, bringing cloth for two dresses, also two white skirts, and asked her to make the garments for his wife. When they were done he came with her, and when he saw her dressed he uttered exclamations of great pleasure. His wife, however, took the matter in a very different spirit. She was shy and ashamed, and awkward. She endured our expressions of approval for a few moments, when she got herself back into her old garb with evident satisfaction.

Nearly all the Wichitas live in grass houses, a cut of which accompanies this letter. These are more especially for winter use, and are very warm, heated as they are by a fire in the centre, the smoke of which finds its way out as best it can. In summer they live under brush arbors, and in the open air. The winter houses of the Caddoes are mostly of logs, many of them without windows. They, too, live under arbors in summer. These two tribes number now about 950, a few more Caddoes than Wichitas.

We have an organized church in each tribe. No other denomination is doing any missionary work among them. The Wichita church numbers about fifty. The Caddoes less.

Perhaps a description of one of our services will be interesting to your readers. Our congregations will number from twenty to fifty. We begin by singing a number of hymns in native tongue, interspersed with from one to three or four prayers. After this, their leader indicates their readiness to hear me, when I take my place in front with my interpreter by my side. I do not undertake to read the Scriptures, the interpreter could not interpret it. I paraphrase a passage, making it as simple as possible, which he interprets. Then I make such a talk and draw such lessons as I think can be interpreted and understood. These seem to be greatly appreciated.

The women of the Wichita church have a missionary

society which meets once a month. These meetings are ordinarily well attended. They are all day meetings. The exercises are mainly of prayer, singing, and talks by such as choose to take a part. They got up quite a substantial dinner, which they eat spread on blankets on the ground. They always take collections, which often amount to a respectable little sum. My wife and myself take such part in these meetings as we can.

Recently Mrs. Dyke invited the women to meet with her for a sewing meeting, to sew patch-work, she to furnish the material. A number came. They were evidently delighted with their reception. Probably the dinner that my wife furnished was one of the most enjoyable features.

This letter will, perhaps, give you and your readers some idea of our surroundings and the work we are trying to do. Would that the Holy Spirit may give power to his truth, that many of this people may be led to embrace the Gospel, "The power of God unto salvation."

L. J. DYKE.

An Indian Association

ENCLOSED find post-office money order for \$6.15, sent up by the churches of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Association for the Home Mission Society. The Associational meeting was an excellent one. It was held near Atoka. There were about 300 full-blood Indians present, and 200 whites. Some of the Indians came in wagons and on horseback

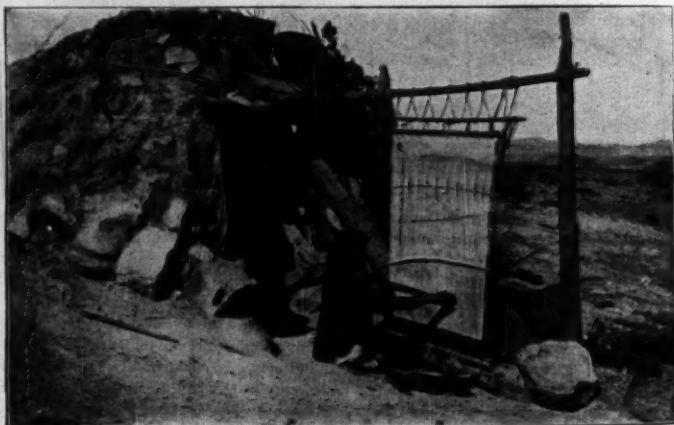
100 and 150 miles. For years I have been training them toward self-reliance and self-help. They have responded very well. The officers and the executive committee are all Indians. They transact the business in a business-like and dignified manner. The reports were discussed by them intelligently, and it is remarkable how well informed they are on missions at home and abroad; on Sunday schools, their importance and value; on intemperance, its evils and dangers; and even on religious literature, though there is so little translated into their language. The report of the executive committee was a marvellous document. Five missionaries had been appointed during the year for a portion of the time. One was a Sunday-school missionary. These men had performed a great deal of work, and the churches had raised nearly \$250 for their support. This does very well for a full-blood association. Self-help is the best help. Of course I have aided them a great deal. The business was all transacted in the Choctaw language, interpreted into English in deference to and for the benefit of the few whites who were members of the

body. This is in contrast to the white associations and the convention where all the business is transacted in English and nothing interpreted for the benefit of the Indians present.

Rev. J. B. Rounds, the good young brother recently appointed by the Board of the General Convention to labor for the full-bloods of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, was present and received a most cordial welcome. Altogether the Choctaw and Chickasaw Association this year was a most excellent one. It cost me \$42 to help feed and care for the people four days. Brother Rishel and others also aided a great deal. I wish you could have been present; it would have interested you. God bless you and your great work.

J. S. MURKOW.

Atoka, I. T.



NAVAJOS WEAVING BLANKETS

School Army of the United States

IN respect to the number of children in regular attendance at its public schools, New York stands at the head of American cities, with a total of 450,000, exclusive of 60,000 pupils who attend parochial schools.

The number of school children in Philadelphia is 150,000, in Chicago 230,000, in Boston 90,000, in Baltimore, which has a large colored population, 68,000, and in New Orleans, which has a still larger colored population, 35,000.

There are 55,000 in Cleveland, 45,000 in Cincinnati, 80,000 in St. Louis, 50,000 in San Francisco, 50,000 in Washington, and 40,000 school children in Pittsburg.

New York spends more than any other American city upon the maintenance of its schools. The school system of Chicago costs \$7,000,000 a year, Philadelphia \$4,000,000, Boston \$3,600,000, Pittsburg \$1,600,000, Baltimore \$1,500,000, St. Louis \$1,500,000, San Francisco \$1,200,000, Cleveland \$1,000,000 and New Orleans \$500,000.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Kiowa Indians

THE opening of the Kiowa Reservation, whereby the comparatively small body of Kiowas are encompassed by thirty times their number of whites, invests our work among these Indians with special interest. Shall they become so well established in Christian character as to withstand the temptations to which they now will be subjected as never before?

The Field Secretary of the Society well remembers his visit to Anadarko in 1893, where on "issue day" about a thousand Kiowas and some Apaches were assembled to get their semi-annual supplies from the government. It was a striking spectacle; the young men, tall, athletic, with painted faces and long braided hair, including frequently the scalp lock, mounted on horses, chasing groups of government cattle over the extended plain and shooting them

At that time, it is said, there was but one Christian, and that a woman, recently converted, among the Kiowas. To-day there are two Kiowa Baptist churches, with nearly three hundred members, including some of the chiefs and other leading men. They are earnest and devoted Christians, as proved by many tests. They are adopting the customs of civilization, and look to the Home Mission Society particularly for counsel and for that help which in their new and trying condition they so much need. It seems providential that we should have been led to engage in missionary effort for this superior tribe of Indians, and that Christianity should have got so strong a hold among them before the whelming white flood poured into their opened reservation. To safeguard and guide them hereafter will be a task requiring wisdom and patience; but as God has given us their hearts, we are under most sacred obligations to be their helpers so long as help shall be needed.

Mistaken Kindness

HERE ought to be some reasonable explanation of the slow growth on the part of the Indian, and while there are, doubtless, many causes, one of the chief reasons is to be found in his relation to the powers that govern him. He lacks, in the first place, the freedom of a man, and, in the second place, the incentive to work — *necessity*. He can live without work, and therefore why should he work? Would you? Would the average white man work was there no actual necessity for it?

Allow me an illustration from actual life. A young man educated at Carlisle fell in love with one of our girls educated at the mission. They were married. The U. S. allotting agents set off 320 acres of land for them in the fertile and beautiful valley of the Washita. Have they settled down on it and gone to house-keeping as their white friends had hoped they would? No. Where are they? In camp. How is all this possible? Simply enough.

These two able-bodied people, educated at the expense of the government and the Church, draw a certain amount of government rations, beef, flour, sugar, coffee, etc. In addition to this they have their share of the grass money paid their tribe by the cattlemen. Consequently they can live without labor.

Just as long as these conditions continue, the Indian will be non-progressive. Give him the freedom of a man, and then place upon him the responsibilities of a man, and he will respond like a man.

The hope of the Indian is in the Church. Though the government educate and govern, yet effective civilization must come from the Church; for true civilization depends upon a clear conception of God as Father, and men as brethren.—S. V. Felt, in *Woman's Home Mission Monthly*.



NAVAJO BLANKET

down as they formerly hunted the buffalo, the older men also often participating in the chase; the plain at last dotted with about two hundred dead animals, around each of which were companies of Indians dividing the spoils. Indians in blankets, with incongruous civilized apparel, particularly in the way of head-gear; women curiously arrayed and carrying papooses on their backs, while at night in the tepees the sound of the tom-tom or drum was heard, and men were gambling and engaged in other diversions. It was a long, tedious, and very difficult task, after three protracted councils with the chiefs and other influential men, that their consent was obtained to grants of land at Elk Creek and Rainy Mountain for the establishment of missions by the American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Never to be forgotten was the service on Sunday in the tent of one of the chiefs who was favorable to the enterprise. There, seated on straw or grass within the tent, were about forty Kiowas to whom, through an interpreter, the Secretary preached the Gospel as if it were the only chance he would ever have to give these darkened souls the vital truths of Christianity. How eagerly they listened! And how gratifying it was to see several raise their hands at the close of the service, requesting our prayers for them.

Conversion of Indian Warriors

THE great Indian uprising in Minnesota in the summer and fall of 1862 was one of the bloodiest and most disastrous in our recent history. It is believed that it was instigated in part by enemies of the United States government at the time it was engaged in crushing out rebellion in the South. The Indians also had fancied or real grievances. The storm burst upon the unsuspecting settlers, about five hundred of whom met torture and death, while from 20,000 to 30,000 people in terror abandoned their homes and nearly everything they possessed to seek refuge in the older settlements, or in the East from which they had recently come. The property loss was estimated at from \$2,500,000 to \$3,000,000. Missionaries were compelled to flee for their lives, and missions were abandoned.

Late in the year the United States troops routed the Indians, and took about five hundred prisoners, who were placed in confinement in the prison at Mankato, where thirty-eight were hung in one day. According to the account by Dr. A. F. Beard, "the remainder were visited by the missionaries and the prison house became a chapel. Soon it was a Bethel; a great revival began which lasted all winter, and in the spring two hundred Dakotas were added to the church in one day, and when they were transferred to the prison at Davenport, they went out in chains, but singing the fifty-first psalm to the tune of 'Old Hundred.' They carried the fire from heaven with them to the Davenport prison, and when in 1886 (1868?) the prisoners were released, more than four hundred were hopefully converted, and when they joined their families in Nebraska, these gathered together in one communion, and called it the Pilgrim Church—about two hundred years after John Eliot, of the Pilgrims at Boston, gave his life to the Indians of Massachusetts."

The missionary work thus begun by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was transferred to the American Missionary Association, whose efforts, both from a missionary and educational point of view, have been greatly blessed, so that the former savage Sioux Indians have become peaceable Christian communities.

Racial Problems

THINK a moment of what it means to send missionaries among Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Hollanders, Poles, Bohemians, Finns, Portuguese, Italians, French Canadians, Jews, Chinese, Japanese, negroes, six Indian tribes, Mexicans, Porto Ricans, and Americans—twenty different peoples.

Some idea of this problem may be obtained when we come to consider the lines along which this assimilation must move; naturally, first of all, as suggested by the previous enumeration, there is the racial question. We are very apt to confine this word to the African problem, but as a matter of fact, it is just as serious among whites of different nationalities. To-day 22,000,000 of the 76,000,000 are of foreign birth and parentage.

—Rev. W. M. Lawrence, M. D.

SUPERINTENDENT PRATT of the Carlisle Indian School, who is regarded as the father of that institution, is in Washington on official business. He has some emphatic ideas on Indian education, which he doesn't hesitate to express. For instance, he said: "Though the Carlisle and other schools for Indians have done their work well, my own opinion is that the Indian should have been treated like anybody else. I do not believe that the government was bound to give him lands or support him, and I believe that if he had been compelled to take his chances like any of the thousands of Italians, Swedes, and other foreigners who land in America every year with less equipment for the battle of life than the ordinary Indian, he would have been assimilated long ago, to his own betterment. Environment is what tells in teaching. Do you suppose that if I were to bring a blanket Indian, fifty years old, here in Washington, that any one could induce him to braid his hair, paint his face, and otherwise get himself up like the savage he is on the reservation? No, a moment. I have seen such Indians placed in such situations, and they were wearing well-blackened shoes and the clothing of civilization in a very short time." Of his own school Mr. Pratt said: "We have forty Porto Rican children at the Carlisle School now. They are a part of an experiment begun a year ago, and which has operated very well so far. They are a gentle and intelligent race, and not more opposed to work than most American children. We are able to maintain about a thousand pupils at the school, though our appropriation is for only about seven hundred, through an outing system. We send the Indians and Porto Rican boys and girls into the public schools as soon as they are fitted for it. The public school does for the Indian what no Indian school can do for him. It throws him into contact and competition with the whites, the people he is to meet and compete with if he is to make use of the instruction he gets at the Indian school."

Indian Students and Schools

PROF. A. G. EVANS, who for about fifteen years has been connected with the educational work of Presbyterians in Indian Territory, says: "The Indian students are fairly bright and intelligent. Many of them have only a little Indian blood, and compare well with students anywhere. The full-bloods, as a rule, find it harder to learn than others, but, after all, our students have to be studied as boys and girls growing into men and women, rather than as Indians or white people. The best thing we can do for all classes, is not to accentuate the race distinctions. In our mission schools, white and Indian children study side by side without the least friction."

And concerning schools for Indians, he says:

"(1) They are centres of civilizing and Christianizing influence."

"(2) They bring white and Indian children together, giving the latter the best opportunity of acquiring the English language, and learning to take their place side by side with white people as American citizens."

"(3) They make it possible for a better class of white people to come and live among the Indians, and keep this class from deterioration."

"(4) They set a standard for the national and other schools, ensuring discontent with schools whose teachers are utterly incompetent, and are creating a demand for an improving system of schools."



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY
ANNA SARGENT HUNT.

We Don't Forget Jesus

Garnet Girls

T IS hard times for us, but *we don't forget Jesus*. He didn't send us any rain and our corn nearly all died, and the white people are running all over, burning our grass and hunting stones (marking corner sections). They are selling our young men whiskey, and we don't know what to do. We want you to pray for us. We don't do anything mean. Our missionary society has worked awful hard in the sun, and has earned \$84 making quilts. Some of the money was not paid in, but it will be another time. Our gospel tent is all worn to pieces. We are all anxious about getting our new church and so we send you only \$22.80 this time (\$10.75 for another Jesus woman, \$10.75 toward the Interpreter's salary, and \$1.30 for Baby Band). We sent to the bank \$62.85 toward our church, and we give \$27.50 for the camp-meeting at Rainy Mountain." So writes Lucius Ait-san. Mark his words, "*It is hard times for us, but we don't forget Jesus.*"

We laid aside September *Tidings*, wherein we had read the paragraph, and went out by appointment to meet a bright young girl who had persuaded us to go with her on a shopping expedition. It was such a good chance as we walked along, to speak of the work of the Young People's Mission Band, which had long coveted the help of our companion of the afternoon.

We spoke of the item we had just read, and of the Indian's words: "We don't forget Jesus." "I'd like to give something for missions," said my friend, "but it seems to take all my allowance to buy the little things I need." It wasn't best to argue the matter then, and in a few moments we were deep in the mysteries of pretty fall hats, delicate laces, ribbons that seemed to bring something of the joy of springtime blossoms, with many novelties of the season.

Ah, but it was a tempting show that eager clerks put forth for the willing purchaser who questioned about a dainty but expensive trifle which she much desired. We were alone for a little. We ventured the query, "Do you really need this?" The fair young face was turned to ours. It was but a moment of indecision, — would that the future may show many such, — "No! I do not forget Him. He shall have the price of it."

Dear young girls, you are deciding these things every day. In the light of what He has done and is continually doing for you, "Are you forgetting Jesus?"

A KIND friend gave me, the other day, a little bit of solid flame, which had been chipped from a rocky ledge in far-off Alaska. It is a crystal, about one inch long, with some two dozen faces of regular shape. It is that wonderful compound of quartz and iron, and the aluminum of common clay which is called a garnet, the pomegranate stone, because of its resemblance in color and shape to the seeds of the pomegranate.

Its color appears to be a deep reddish black, but as you turn it over listlessly, you soon see that something marvelous lies beneath the dull surface. In the garnet's interior, under this angle as I am now looking at it, lies a crumpled plane of orange light, with a deep blue square at one corner. Below that face runs a single vein of the most vivid scarlet imaginable. I turn it to a different light, and all this projecting pyramid flashes out with wine-hued fire. In one part lies a nest of rubies, in one a tangle of pink flakes. The most sullen portions of the crystal, seen at the right angle, glow with the most superb colors. And I often plunge below the stupid surface of my garnet, exploring, fascinated, its flame caverns, and meeting rich-color treasures at every turn.

It may be a foolish fancy of mine; but, do you know, I can never look at that masked battery of beauty without thinking of some garnet maidens I have known. Dull girls they were to the careless eye. Irregular features and poor complexions, and coarse hands they doubtless owned. They were not skilled in repartee. Yet daily, as their lives turned before me, beautiful surprises would flash out. A rich red love would kindle the rude features. A golden reverence would light up the small gray eyes. Some deed of tender sacrifice would transform the skin to softest pink and white, pale lips would glow like rubies with sweet words; and as I came to know the spirit of light that dwelt within the dull bodies, I would call them my garnet girls.

Jewelers sometimes take these deep-colored garnets and hollow them out, fill them with silver or back them with a silver plate, so that all their beauty lies on the outside, ready for the passing glance. No more mystery, no more charm of discovery and delight of sweet surprises! Garnet girls, watch, lest that sad thing happen to you! Hollow-headed, shallow-hearted women with a silver backing may be more admired by the careless and the thoughtless, but God is the best artist to fashion a human gem; and nothing in all of fashion's showcases is half so beautiful as his garnet girls. — *Amos R. Wells, in Sermons in Stones.*

Our Little folks

"LITTLE builders all are we,
Building for God's eye to see."

Words

WORDS are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
We forget them, but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand.

— Selected.

Our Excursion Ticket

THE children of the Congregational mission bands from Dec. 31, 1900, to May 29, 1901, were taking six delightful foreign trips in their meetings. A ticket similar to the following was arranged by the leaders of the Children's League of Mont Clair, New Jersey. Theirs took them to many foreign countries. At our request, per-

ticipation speak of personal invitations, of the Band's reputation for pleasant meetings and earnest work. The appearance of the room creates expectancy; charts or maps, mottoes, pictures or curiosities are visible.

"The ideal missionary meeting is thoroughly missionary. The Scripture has been chosen for its missionary lesson. The prayer of a senior member has led the children close to the heart of the Master, where together they have presented their missionary petitions. The collection service is dignified, for 'these pennies we send where we cannot go, thus we become with Jesus a part of God's great plan for evangelizing the world.'

"Thought has been given to the composition and detail of the program; it aims to teach something definite, is bright, and in some respects unique. The children chosen to present it have come well prepared, for they have been taught that in making this meeting helpful, they are doing something for Jesus.

"The meeting is not too long; interest is alive to the

EXCURSION TICKET

Good for
SIX TRANS-CONTINENTAL TRIPS
of the

Personally conducted, and visiting
special points of missionary interest.

Leaving South Terminal Station, Boston, Oct.
15, 1901. Returning, May 15, 1902

Reservations

VI Boston to Wood Island, Alaska
Steamer at Seattle for Sitka, connecting at
Sitka with steamer "Excelsior" for Wood
Island. Stopping at Juneau and Douglas Islands,
with visits to Treadwell Gold Mine and
Mt. Wrangell. Good food, and warm clothing indispen-
sable.

V Boston to Puerto Rico
Take Boston Fruit Company Line to San-
ago, Cuba, visiting "Insular Mart" and
church, then by steamer to San Juan, Porto
Rico. Stopping at Old San Juan, and
Side trip to Adjuntas and La Playa. Take
trip in January. Thin clothing needed on
islands.

IV Boston to Atlanta, Georgia
Take steamer via Savannah Steamship Co.
for Norfolk, Va. Reach Ala. Line, visiting
Huntsville, Montgomery, and Raleigh.
Return via Southern Railway with side trip
to Richmond.
N.B. — Acquire pictures of new buildings of
Spartan Stadium.

III Boston to Mexico City
Via New Orleans, San Antonio, and
Laredo. See Luis Potosi.
Call at Monterrey, San Luis Potosi.
Return through Irapuato, with side trips
to Guadalupe, and Tampico.
Caution — Remember the high altitude of
Mexico City and do not overexpose.

II Boston to Fresno, California
Through Fresno, Salt Lake City, Ogden,
Rock in San Francisco.
Visiting Chinatown, Cliff House, and Seal
Beach. Take some books for Joy and Lola.
Take some books for Joy and Lola.

**Boston to Alaska, Indian Territory,
VIA Chicago, and Macao.**
Side trip to Indian Territory.
N.B. — Camp Meeting. Take camera and
acquire pictures of Indians.

mission was granted us to adapt the ticket to our own Home Mission work. We trust it will greatly interest our children. Blanks have been left for the name of the Mission Band, the church with which it is connected, the town and state, and the place and time of meeting. Duplicate tickets, for use by the individual members of Bands, can be obtained of Mrs. McWhinnie at our Headquarters. Price, five cents for the six-trip tickets.

Hints for a Children's Meeting



WE have been very glad, from time to time, when we have seen some little rhyme or exercise copied from HOME MISSION ECHOES into the Young People's Departments of other missionary magazines. We believe that our friends of those papers are equally glad to have their helpful articles circulated among our bright Baptist boys and girls.

As our little folks gather for their fall meetings, they will be glad of all the hints that can be given them, and so we copy, from a recent issue of *Life and Light*, the words of Miss M. C. E. Barden, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The children gather promptly; they know the meeting will open promptly. Their good attendance and eager an-

close. The children, likely, tarry in little groups around the several members of the corps of helpers who have been chosen for their winning power.

"Jesus once called a little child and set him in the midst of his disciples; to-day Jesus has been seated in the midst of the children. 'I love our Mission Band,' they say. Work for Jesus, work with Jesus has made them happy. They feel the dignity and value of their service. They go home to 'talk missions.'

"This has not been a gathering of premature saints, but of live children, subject to the influence of One who said, 'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.'"

"If you were I and I were you,
You think that you'd be good and true?
Well, it's as easy a thing to do
When I am I, and you are you."

WE think our little folks would like to know about the different kinds of meetings that the Indians hold. We will give them a part of a description of an Indian camp meeting, as told by a worker of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society.

Camp Meeting at Watonga

On Tuesday morning, June 11th, twenty-three teams and three men on horseback left Mountain View for Watonga, to attend the Oklahoma Indian Association, a journey of nearly one hundred miles for most of us Kiowas. There are seventy souls in the caravan, Kiowas, Comanches, and their missionaries. We reach a creek about 11 o'clock, and camp for an early dinner. Camp fires are soon built,



RIISING STAR (CHEYENNE)

coffee made, wagon sheets spread on the ground, and little groups surround the hastily arranged refreshments, which have been previously prepared.

"Soon we are on our way, and when the sun is low in the west we reach the Caddo country, where there is plenty of grass for our horses to graze on during the night. In a few moments, tents are springing up all about us, beds are made on the ground by the Indians, and folding cots by the missionaries. The evening meal is served; then they all gather at Big Tree's tent, and Brother Deyo of the Comanche Mission opens up the Word to these children of God who are making this long trip for the opportunity of telling the story of Redeeming Love to their Cheyenne and

Arapaho friends at Watonga. . . . A few hours' travel the following morning, Thursday, brings us to the Watonga Mission. We are cordially greeted by the Cheyenne missionaries, who have worked so hard for this meeting. There is a large arbor near the little chapel; across the street are the camps of nearly eight hundred Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

"Interesting services are held that evening and the three following days. It is necessary that all these talks be put into five tongues, English, Kiowa, Comanche, Cheyenne, and Arapaho. On Sunday morning seven present themselves as candidates for baptism, five Cheyennes and two Comanches. After dinner, the Canadian River is visited, some two miles away, and these who have broken away from old Indian superstition and darkness and come into the light of the Gospel of Christ are immersed by their respective pastors. In the early evening we have a woman's meeting in the chapel, where the several mission circles tell what they have done for Jesus the past year. Then we adjourn to the arbor and listen to a few more strong talks for the Master by the native Christians. Now comes the shaking of hands and parting words, and another Association of the blanket Indians has become a matter of history."

Work at Home tells us of a meeting very different from the one of which we have just read.

"On Saturday about three hundred Indians gathered at the crow dance, and our hearts bled within us as we witnessed them for a short time. Indian women stood wailing and weeping with loud cries, as, with uplifted hands, they gazed into the western sky, from whence they expect their Messiah to appear; while the Indian men, many of them nearly naked, and having their bodies painted in all kinds of hideous colors, with feathers in their hair, danced in a large circle about them, singing their strangely wild songs and uttering cries which they seemingly hoped would reach the ear of their god. And I know our Lord Jesus must have seen and heard them, and looked with pity upon them, as He seemed to touch our hearts and say, 'Go quickly and tell them of the God whom they ignorantly worship, and of the true Messiah who will soon come in the heavens, "as the lightning shineth from the east to the west, to execute justice and judgment upon the earth."'"

Our children must know that the wild Indians are very superstitious. They believe in dreams and are exceedingly afraid of witches and evil spirits. They believe in a "Great Spirit," who rewards the good and punishes the bad. They also believe in lesser good and evil spirits, who bring the pleasant things of their lives, and who cause them to have bad dreams and all sorts of troubles. They think when they die they will go to the "Happy Hunting Grounds."

When they become Christians they have a very simple faith, and they are anxious to work and to give for Him who has done so much for them.

Every little Baptist boy and girl can pray and send money to help give Christian teachers to the Indian children, like the one on this page, and to their parents, who so much need to find the "Jesus road."